

BARNSTOWN

Mr. Herbert Smith is talking about going to Colorado to work.

Mr. Joseph Wright is ill at this writing.

A great deal of quilting is being done among the young boys and girls, as they think Mr. Homer Galtrel will soon take up his new abode.

Mr. and Mrs. Lon Hall were visiting friends in Fairmont Sunday.

Little Madeline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willas Amos, is seriously ill.

A large number of Barnstown people were over to see the steamboats Sunday afternoon.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Lon Hall is able to be out again.

Mr. Tom Richardson will soon move into his new house in Bellview.

The boys of Barnstown had better watch out as a colored fellow that lives near is getting very tired of their noise at night.

The wooden mill is to be shut down for the next week as they can get no orders.

Mr. Scott Phillips will soon move into his new house on the Atha addition.

Mrs. Scott Steward was calling on Mrs. George Price Sunday.

REV. SMITH

WRITES AN INTERESTING LETTER WHILE ON HIS WAY TO LOS ANGELES.

THROUGH KINDNESS OF J. M. JACOBS WE HAVE PERMISSION TO PUBLISH IT.

Grand Canyon Hotel.

Williams, Arizona, May 4, 1904.

Dear Bro. Jacobs:

I am not to Los Angeles yet, but expect some sweet day to get there. My former woes are past. I came back from the Grand Canyon to-day to learn that the west bound train on main Santa Fe line was seventeen hours late. So I am here all afternoon and will be most of the night. We have a standard Pullman sleeper here open to us with space reserved to Los Angeles; that is our headquarters. We will go to bed on that tonight and be pulled out when the train comes in. This makes us two days late in getting to Los Angeles. Several delegates are here. Others have just recently got away on special trains delayed here by the wreck I was in. So several delegates are sure to be late.

The view of the Grand Canyon suggested that it ought to be enjoyed only by those who pay a great price in delays, wrecks and privations. When I saw it I thought I would have been wholly unworthy to look upon it, if I had come only through smooth paths. It is earth's greatest wonder in its line. A chasm a mile deep, thirteen miles wide, and more than forty miles of its length can be seen from one point. It is an harmonious plan of architecture consisting of dome-like structures of white, red and brown stone ranging from a thousand to five thousand feet high.

There is a trail leading down from the rim, and with a party of four and a guide, I went down on a mule. The trail has some very fine points in it, so fine that the mule's head hangs over a great precipice, while he lazily and carelessly turns his body around the curve or point. We descended over 3000 feet, going more than five miles to the plateau and were then 1400 ft. perpendicular above the river. We took dinner at a tent hotel and returned. I took this trip, not because I had personal inclinations to do so or really liked it, but just simply to have some big stories to tell when I got back. Don't tell my wife much about it, for with a railroad wreck and a descent to the lower regions all in two days, she might decide to send for me.

It's pretty tough to endure all this delay, but I am having a great time already, a very great time indeed. Maybe I'll get caught up on my schedule and know no difference in a week or two.

Your friend and pastor,
G. D. SMITH.

Fell From Shed.

Harold, the four-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, of Glen avenue, fell from a shed last evening, cutting his face in several places. It was thought that he was seriously hurt and a physician was called, but his injuries proved to be only flesh wounds.

Got Them Confused.

Quite a number of people get the Fairmont Bill Posting Company and the Fairmont Advertising Company confused. They are entirely different, and are in no way affiliated. Robt. E. Fisher still owns the Bill Posting plant.

At Normal Auditorium.

Dr. Jepson on "Suicide." Remember it is Wednesday night.

I have three of the best lots in Mor for sale at a very low rate.

H. H. LANHAM.

KITCHENS AND CHARACTER.

Food and Bad Housekeeping shown in the Kitchen Room.

I am a grocer's delivery boy. Not quite so well dressed as the postman, but I know what is inside of what I deliver and he doesn't. Moreover, he goes to the front door only, while I not only go to the back door, but have the entry, so to speak, of the kitchen. There's the place to see good housekeeping and—bad housekeeping. Why, I can tell the character of a family from the looks of the kitchen. Of course, where servants are kept every kitchen ought to be clean and neat—only they are not always. But I like best to deliver where there are no servants.

There's Mrs. Martin—always seems to be in a stew, and I can hardly find a place to put a basket of berries. That, I guess, is the mustiest kitchen I go into, and the little Martin kids look like their mother's kitchen. Next door live the Sperrys, and what a difference! Mrs. Sperry is a sweet, cheerful little woman with some pleasant words always, and two of the sweetest little girls, who seem as healthy and happy as they are clean and neat. Then, on the next block, are the Lees. They are neat, too, and, though I don't expect it, still they often offer me something—a glass of lemonade or a hot, fine cake or a sandwich. Why, I remember one stormy night last winter Mr. Lee insisted on my coming in and having a hot cup of coffee and a plate of pudding. I guess next day there was an extra package left among the Lees' groceries. They have no children, but Mr. Lee shows the kind, generous influence of his wife, and whenever I catch him at home I'm sure of a good cigar.

Then there is the Hart kitchen. It's positively filthy, and they have a servant too. She's always kicking about something, as if she owned the place. I never see Mrs. Hart. She's probably too good to see the groceryman, but I hear her storming around upstairs and yelling at Maggie and the children. I get out of that place as quick as I can. The Lockwoods' is another place where I like to deliver. They don't have much, but what they do have is the best, and their kitchen is as neat as wax.

I suppose the iceman could tell you more than I can about refrigerators, but I see the inside of a good many, and they are just like the kitchens. There are some that really ought to be reported to the health department, and then there are others that smell and look as sweet as a clean baby's cheek. Speaking of babies and children, they are just like the kitchens every time. Dirty kitchen, cross baby; clean kitchen, good baby. They always go together, you may depend on it. I like children, too—have three at home, and there's a good hundred on my route who know me. Some of them get my bundles open before I can lay them on the tables. Some are as polite as their gentle mothers. I ain't looking for little angels; neither do I want to run up against a lot of rat terriers. Just a happy, healthy, hearty kid suits me.—What to Eat.

London in Moscow.

The continued activity with which the searching of refuse heaps in quest of treasure is being prosecuted makes it interesting to remember that the sifters and sorters of London were once wealthy and organized. A case is on record of one woman who in eight years was able to build house property out of the profits of her grubbing and gleaming. It seems scarcely credible that Moscow is built upon London rubbish. Such, however, is the case. An enormous heap of refuse at the Battle-bridge end of what is now Caledonian road, which was "the grand center of dustmen, scavengers, horse and dog dealers, knacker-men, brickmakers and other low but necessary professionalists," had lain in that position since the great fire. After the destruction of Moscow upon the visit of Napoleon the Russians by some means came to hear of this dust heap. They bought it—bricks, bones, rubbish and all—shipped it off to Moscow and upon it founded the resurrected city which travelers know today.—St. James Gazette.

A Choice Recipe.

There is a choice recipe, in which the owl figures, to "make any one that sleepeth answer to whatsoever thou ask," given in "Physick For the Poor," published in London in 1657. It says that you are to "take the heart of an owl and his left leg and put that upon the breast of one that sleepeth, and they shall reveal whatsoever thou shalt ask them."

The Hindoos, however, declare that the flesh or blood of an owl will make a person insane who eats or drinks it. On this account men who are devoured by jealousy of a rival or hatred of an enemy come furtively to the market and purchase an owl. In silence they carry it home and secretly prepare a decoction, which an accomplice will put into the food or drink of the object of their malignant designs.—All the Year Round.

Complex Origin of the Japs.

The Japanese are not as mixed a race as the modern Britons, but they have a very complex origin. It is certainly not correct to regard them as originally Chinamen, for, while they do possess Chinese blood, there is certainly a Korean strain in them as well as one derived from the Malaysians and another from the Ainos, or aboriginal inhabitants of the islands, the "savages" of Japanese historians. There has consequently been none of that disastrous "inbreeding" which is fatal to animals, nations and aristocracies, and there is evidence that the Jap is growing taller.—London Chronicle.

Read the West Virginian. It has the latest news.

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HARDEARNED WAGES

An old church in Belgium decided to repair its properties and employed an artist to touch up some large paintings. The committee required a detailed bill, whereupon the following items were presented:

Correcting Ten Commandments, \$5.12.
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet, \$3.02.
Replumbing and regilding the left wing of Guardian Angel, \$5.18.
Putting new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mending comb, \$2.20.
Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carmine on his cheek, \$5.02.
Renewing Heaven, adjusting the stars and cleaning the moon, \$7.14.
Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls, \$3.06.
Brightening up the flames of Hell, putting new tail on the devil, mending his left hoof and doing several odd jobs for the damned, \$7.17.
Reordering the robes of Herod and adjusting his wig, \$1.00.
Taking the spots off the son of Tobias, \$10.30.
Putting ear-rings in Sarah's ears, \$5.26.
Putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging the head of Goliath and extending Saul's legs, \$6.13.
Cleaning Balaam's Ass and putting new shoe on him, \$5.70.
Decorating Noah's Ark and putting a head on Shem, \$4.31.
Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear, \$3.29.
The total amount of the bill was \$77.60.

SOWING AND REAPING

I planted a seed, and then forgot the deed;
And lo, in after years I found a tree
Which made the cross on which my soul would bleed
When I was called to mount my Calvary.

The seed, a word that wounded one poor heart;
The tree was hate, I found when love I sought;
My cross the woe that never will depart
Because of one forgotten, careless thought.

Ah me, the woe! I might have known some good,
And reaped a harvest of the choicest grain;
But this my fate, to bear my cross of wood,
—And with my heavy burden sigh in pain.
—Llewellyn Williams, in Buffalo Telegram.



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Beaurify your home by hanging a few pairs of our beautiful curtains around. They are elegant.

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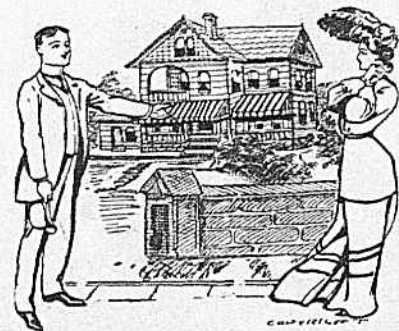
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